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The White Family History

BY

Lucy White Cox

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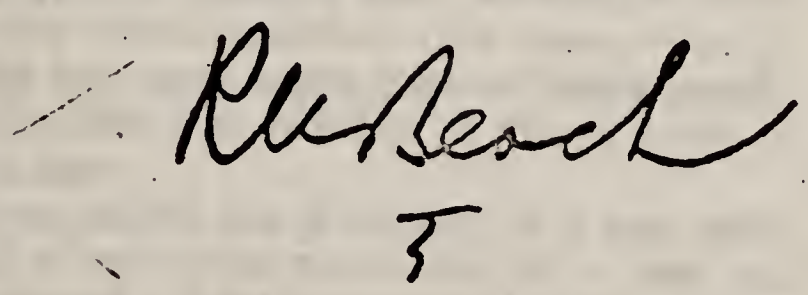
Foreword

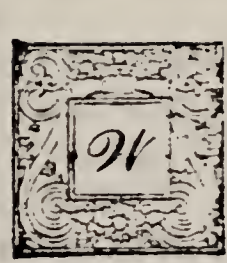
Whenever I found out that we were going to "hitch up" Beacher and make the two hour nine-mile drive down to Grandfather White's for a Sunday outing, it was a red-letter day. That always meant that I would get my fill of all the fried chicken hearts which Sophronie would surreptitiously put aside for me and nobody in the whole wide world could bring forth a chicken heart like Grandmother — crisp on the outside, soft and moist and tender on the inside. What did it matter that I had to sit at the second table!

However, I seldom met Aunt Lucy at these wonderful family dinners, because she and her husband lived so far away from Richsquare. Yet somehow I always seemed to keep up a desultory correspondence with her. I particularly remember some of the interesting letters she wrote me from Alaska, when she and Wilson were there teaching the Eskimos. I am sure they were responsible for some of the top marks I made in geography.

One day from California she wrote me a few pages about the "goings-on" in Richsquare when she was a little girl. They were so fascinating I asked her to write the History of the White Family. She demurred. I pleaded. I cajoled. I implored. And like the wonderful person she is, she sat down and wrote it. Here it is — something for all of us with White blood in our veins to be very proud of.

And to Aunt Lucy in her ninety-second year — a bow and a kiss — and God's blessing she has already won.





The WHITE FAMILY HISTORY

This is a short history of a family who lived and worked in a Quaker community in Richsquare, Henry Co., Indiana.

Friends or Quakers from many places made up this farming community. I do not know the size nor the number of the inhabitants. But their names were Wilson, White, Mills, Wickersham, Binford, Paxson, Stewart, Stuart, Gilbert, Macy, Butler, and Johnson. Of some of these there were several families.

They were an honest hard-working God-fearing people. They believed in education, and also in churches.

Both were well attended. We all grew up in this environment. We had many activities that gave us many kinds of social activities. We had many parties as we called them, oyster suppers, and during the winter we used to challenge one of the other schools for a spelling bee. So if there was snow, a bob-sled load of us would rally out to see what Webster had for us. We had several good spellers and often were victorious.

Then we had a Literary Society, which was carried on according to Robert's Rules of Order. We learned to stand on our feet and give an informal talk. We tried to learn to debate. We gave entertainments to raise money to build up a library. We had many happy times as young people of the community. But alas, very few of those I knew as a girl are longer here.

The old frame church has given way to a neat brick church. The old school house which used to be near the church was abandoned and three-quarters of a mile farther south a new two-story brick building was built. It has been

so long since I have been back there that there may be errors in this. Please, please look over them and take it for what it is worth.

After we girls were all married but Sibyl, and she was soon to be married, Father began thinking about his future and how he would get along. Then he learned of a maiden woman who had come to Indiana from Carolina to keep house for a cousin who lived in Milton. I do not know how they met, but he persuaded her to become Mrs. White. March 7, 1887 at the home of Caleb Morris in Milton they were married. She made Father a real companion and a good wife. We children all liked her very much. She always made us welcome when we went home. And I am sure Father was far happier by having a faithful companion.

In writing a history of our family I wanted to know something of our progenitors. They go back into history many years. In looking up some of the historical facts, I became interested and am writing down some of my findings.

It seems that from our Father's side we came from English ancestry, while from Mother's side we are of German descent. I will take the Whites first. Our Great Grandfather, Thomas White, married Jemima Johnson in North Carolina. Our Grandfather, Exiem White, was born Nov. 24, 1799 and died Feb. 14, 1843. Our Great Grandfather was Jesse Hare. Our Great Grandmother was Sarah Harris. Our Grandmother was Ann Hare. She was born in Virginia August 15, 1803 and died January 24, 1892, aged 89. Exiem White and Ann Hare were married September 11, 1823. They came to Indiana in 1832 from West Virginia. Our Father, Joseph H. White was born in West Virginia February 7, 1830, so was two years old when they came to Indiana. He died November 26, 1919, aged 89.

Now for Cosands — Our Great Great Grandfather Gabriel Cosand was born in 1732 in Germany. He came to the United States between 1746-1750. He died in 1810. Great Grandfather Benjamin Cosand was born in 1773, died in 1817. Great Grandmother Mary Morgan was born in 1776 in North Carolina, died in Henry County,

Indiana in her 97th year. They were married in North Carolina in 1793 and moved to Indiana in 1802 to Randolph County. The family in 1821 went to Wayne County, and in 1824 moved to Henry County. Grandfather Gabriel Cosand was born February 13, 1799 and died in 1881. Great Grandfather Caleb Wickersham and Great Grandmother Lydia Gardner were married November 21, 1833. I have no data on their marriage. Grandmother Sarah Wickersham was born December 28, 1811, died in 1890. Our Mother, Ellen M. Cosand was born August 8, 1837, died April 4, 1878, aged 41.

In Mother's family there were Uncle Frank, Aunt Lydia, Aunt Mariam, Uncle Neal, Aunt Eunice, and Uncle Aaron, all deceased.

Joseph H. White and Ellen M. Cosand were married the 23rd of 2nd month, 1854 at her home. Father had purchased a farm in Henry County, Indiana, and built a log house before his marriage. The land was covered with the virgin timber, which he had to clear to be able to farm it. In this home the happy couple began their married life. Father was a hard-working energetic man, and wanted to see every one around him busy.

I have been told that as a young man he was a leader at the parties they had and led in the singing games. He had a quick temper, and as a young man had not learned to control it. Well do I remember his conversion, and what a struggle he had to control that temper. He was an excellent provider and was very hospitable. He was a lover of fruits and I think he must have had all the varieties adapted to that climate. While there was much more than we could use, none was ever sold to my knowledge. But if people wanted it they were welcome to come and get it. The farm produced diversified crops, and he marketed what the home did not need. But the prices were not as they are today.

His pride was in his horses, and he had good ones, and some of much value. He did not like for any one to pass him when driving one of his good high steppers. He was criticized sometimes for letting us girls drive too spirited a horse. He always said they may drive anything they can harness and hitch up. And drive we did many times.

I have thus far written of Father. Our Mother was a queen in the home. I know she was one of the best women who ever lived. I never saw her angry or impatient. She had many friends and was greatly loved. She was a model housewife, a good cook, economical, could knit, spin, and was a beautiful sewer. Had she not been all this, and more, Father could never have made enough to feed and clothe the family. Mother above all else was a very devoted Christian. If she heard of any one in need, she was always anxious to aid in relief. She was a beautiful button hole maker and made them for others on nice dresses. But I don't think she ever received anything for her work. Mother had always attended the Methodist church near their home.

Father permitted himself to be disowned from the Friends' church for marrying someone not a Friend. That custom has long since been changed. He said he was not going to say he was sorry for doing the best day's work he ever did. They lived together very happily. Every night the Bible was read and we had prayer together. We children were expected to be present, and we did not ask why. I can hear my Mother's voice calling our names in her petitions at times, asking God to keep us and direct our lives. Mother was not a rugged woman, and I marvel at what she endured and did for the love of her family.

Grandmother White always made her home with us, Father being her only living child. She was tall and spare built and had always been a hard worker. I think she must have been a handsome young woman. She always dressed very plain and wore the regulation Quaker cap and bonnet. She kept her person very trim and neat. She did much of the mending in the family, also the knitting. She had a loom, a spinning wheel, and carding combs, and she knew how to use all of them. She also knew how to work in flax and spin and weave the thread. She taught me how to warp and put in the carpet chain and then how to weave the carpet. We all loved her and there was never any squabble because of her being in the home.

We had a large family, there being nine children who lived to mature years.

The first great sorrow that came into the home was the death of our dear Mother. After a painful lingering illness, she left us for her coronation on April 4, 1878, aged 41 years. For months the home was a cheerless place. But with so many in the home who were young and active, we returned to normal life. Father had promised Mother that he would build a new home for him and the children. We were all born in the log home, and we have wished many times that we had a picture of it. After two years, Father made ready to have the new home. He had a kiln of brick burned, and then hired the masons to build the house. It was built with care, and was quite an imposing structure for a country home. The old log house was torn down, and the new home was furnished with mostly new furniture.

I do not think life was any happier than in the log house. So many youngsters together can have a good time together, and we were no exception. We had our work to do, but we also had time to play. We had games for different seasons. In the fall as the leaves, maple and beech, began to fall, we would make them into piles and one of us would hide in the pile. The rest of us with sticks would poke into the pile and try to scare the bear out. When it came out it would try to catch us. Then how we did run and shout. The folks in the neighborhood knew the "White kids" were wide awake.

Just now at this time of the year, I am thinking of my girlhood days. A hard frost has come and in the creek bottom, hickory nuts and walnuts are ready to harvest. So Father told us that we would go nutting in the morning. The team was hitched to the farm wagon and with buckets, baskets, and sacks we were off for the timber. If the crop was good we soon had all we wanted. And home we went hungry and ready for dinner. Then the job of hulling and putting out to dry was in order. We did not care for black hands, for next winter we would enjoy the nuts. Then there would be corn to pop and how we enjoyed that. In the garden a hill of cabbages, turnips, and beets was stored away, while in the cellar were bushels of apples and potatoes, and cans of fruit, jams and preserves, for our use.

When the spring came, the maples were tapped, the sap gathered, and boiled down, and our maple syrup was made. It was hard work and also dirty, but we all helped in some way, even if our hands were very sore from the work. We always had much company. We made taffy and oh! what a sweet time we had with our friends. As I write this I am living over those days of yore, which I enjoyed to the limit.

I have generalized in what I have written, as thoughts have come to me. Now for a short history of each of the children.

The oldest child was a tow-headed, blue-eyed boy. His earliest picture shows him in a smart little velvet suit made by Mother and a very pretty child he was. He was born June 3rd, 1856. He had many of the characteristics of Mother. He went to the school at Old Richsquare. After years, Hopewell opened an academy and Edgar went there. He rode a horse down and was to come home each week-end to board with Modrecai Gilbert. I do not remember how long he stayed, but I do remember he got so homesick he could not stay the week out and came home. He never had any bad habits, and the boys used to accuse him of being tied to his mother's apron strings.

At last he met the young woman who a little later became his wife. Edgar Thomas White and Miriam Chamness, who died September 28, 1893, were married in January, 1881. To this union were born two children. Bertha White was born November 11, 1881. She was a very pretty child, had usual schooling, then took a nurses' training and worked at that, but Cupid's darts had hit and in June 26, 1909 she and Charles Elick were married at the home of her father by Robert Kelly. They have two daughters, both attractive and are both married. The oldest, Marian Elick, born October 22, 1912, married Paul Vititoe July 31, 1932. I think they are in business in Southern Indiana. They have a dear small small son, Billy Paul, born September 19, 1938. Virginia Elick was born March 30, 1916. She was a blonde. On July 12, 1935 she was married to Merle Van Dyne. I do not know where they live.

The second child was LeRoy White. He grew to manhood, was a very hard worker, and was a successful busi-

ness man. On September 18, 1907 he and Clemmie Hewit were united in marriage at the home of her parents. They are the parents of four children, three boys and one girl. The oldest, Edward Hewitt White, was born November 26, 1909. He has been a successful business man. August 9, 1933 he and Lois Carolyn Sage were married. They have two sons, Richard Edward, born May 9, 1935, and Joseph Max, born December 29, 1937. They live in Marion, Ohio.

Howard Arthur was born January 18, 1914. I think he is a farmer and very successful. On October 21, 1934 he and Phyllis Eloise Howard were married. They have two lovely daughters, Jane Ruth, born June 16, 1935 and Judith Ellen, born in 1941.

Robert K. was born April 7, 1917. He graduated from the New Castle High School, and for several years he worked with his father on the farm, where they did diversified farming and also had a dairy herd. On December 24, 1938 he and Dorothy Hoover were united in marriage at the Christian Church in New Lisbon. They have a young son Stephen H., born March 20, 1941.

Martha Ellen White was born September 20, 1920. She was a good student, and developed a liking for Home Economics. She was a great success and won many prizes. But Cupid's dart finally hit her and on April 18, 1940 she and Ralph S. Hoover were married. He is a farmer and the last word I had Ralph was waiting to be inducted into the service.

On June 3, 1903 Edgar T. White married Rose R. Cook. They have one son, Joseph H. White, who was born May 8, 1904. He graduated from the New Castle High School. Then he attended Wabash College. While there he was taken sick and returned home. The doctor sent him West to a warmer climate. He came to Los Angeles and reached there shortly before Christmas, and as he was used to his father's bookstore, he got a position in Fowler's Book Store, and worked there until after the holidays. Then he came up to Strathmore and stayed with us for ten days, and got to feeling better. Sometime after that Edgar and Rose sold out in New Castle and moved to Los Angeles. After a year in looking and investigating, they

finally purchased a home at 7160 Clinton Street. It is a very nice home and well arranged. Here after a long and painful illness, Edgar passed away November 8, 1936. His body was laid away in the beautiful Forest Lawn cemetery. Ernest Lamb, pastor of Friends' Church, had charge of the services.

Joseph now has an Interior Decorating studio. He has been very successful in his adventure. July 7, 1940 he and Martha Boyd were married in the M. E. Church in New Castle. They were the recipients of many and beautiful gifts. And their honeymoon was as far as New York. Rose, Joseph and Martha are at home to their friends at 7160 Clinton Street, L. A. Rose is a lovely character. She is a good housekeeper and a lovable woman. They will always give you a very warm welcome when you call.

The next advent into our family was a dark-haired and brown-eyed girl. They named her Harriet Eudora. Her early picture shows her to be a chubby pretty little girl. She grew as most children, and attended common school. She was an extremely good speller and rarely missed a word. The spelling was all oral. She was a very neat seamstress. She finished the home school and went to State Normal at Terre Haute, fitting herself for teaching. She taught the Spring term at the Bethel School. But Cupid's darts hit her, and on September 11, 1879 she became the wife of Solomon W. Stigleman. He lived in the neighborhood. Sol was very fond of music, and played almost every instrument, and played in a band. He owned a farm and on this they began their housekeeping. To this union five children were born. Robert Ralph, the oldest, was born April 29, 1881. August 18, 1911, Maud Milner Petty and Robert were married. They live on a farm not far from Richmond. Robert is quite a violinist and plays for many occasions. They have no family.

Lucy Ethel Stigleman was the second child born May 15, 1883. She had the advantage of schooling afforded at the time. She became a good housekeeper and cook. She met a young railroad man by name Wilson T. DeVoe. It proved to be a case of love, and August 20, 1910, they became one. They were the parents of three children. The oldest, a daughter, born January 28, 1912, was named

Harriet after her Grandmother Stigleman. She grew to womanhood in Richmond, had schooling advantages, but at an early age she met a young man named Elmer Bryant, and they were married in Franklin, Indiana, February 1, 1930. Another family was thus started. They have had eight children.

I am sorry I cannot tell you much about this family. But I have heard that they are well behaved and regularly attend Bible School, and the older are very kind and helpful to the youngest. It takes much courage to raise such a large family these days, when prices are soaring. Their names and ages are:

Richard Lindley Bryant — born June 30, 1931.

Roydon Wilson Bryant — born August 1, 1932.

Ronald Eugene Bryant — born August 4, 1933 (died December 25, 1933).

Faith Anne — born August 27, 1934.

Rosemary — born March 18, 1936 (Rosemary died just after birth).

Robin Owen — born March 27, 1938.

Mary Jane Ellen — born February 16, 1940.

Harrietta Ruth — born November 14, 1941.

The second child of Wilson and Ethel DeVoe was a son named Donald Brinton, born August 10, 1913. He was born in Indianapolis, and spent his boyhood there attending school. At the present he is at work in the large Douglas Air Plant factory at Long Beach. He is trying to work up to a better place in the plant. May he be successful!

Their youngest child was born April 17, 1924. He was named David Wilson. He too saw the light of day in Indianapolis. He had the advantages of the city schools. He attended Bible School, and church, and Christian Endeavor. He graduated from high school and in company with his mother they visited California. We all enjoyed them. David was a good looking clean cut young man. I felt real proud of him. Since going home, he went to work for the International Company in Indianapolis.

The next arrival in the Stigleman home was a dark-haired, blue-eyed boy. They gave him the name of Warren Alden. He grew up on the farm, so very naturally chose that for his life work. He was a very industrious young man, free from any bad habits. I think he played the piano in the Stigleman orchestra. He spent one winter in Long Beach with us, worked for the city, and made enough to take him back home.

Sol sold his farm in Henry County and bought one near Richmond, Indiana, and they moved there, where Warren met the young lady whom he married. Bertha Bulla lived near Richmond and they had a good opportunity to know each other. December 11, 1912 they were united in marriage. They started their wedded life on a farm. They have two daughters: Marjorie — born December 19, 1919 and Maud — born February 9, 1923. They both grew to womanhood and both had positions in Richmond. They had a car so they could go from home. They were members of a Friends' Church in Richmond. Marjorie and Austin Townsend were married March 27, 1942. From what I have heard I think they must be very fine young women. I know their mother was most gracious.

The next one to swell the ranks of the family was a brown-eyed girl. To her they gave the name of Olive Jeanette. She was like her mother in some ways, but she was as musically inclined as her father. She was a member of the orchestra. She liked school, and fitted herself for teaching. She liked to make pretty things and embroidered, crocheted, and made many beautiful things. In 1912 she was teaching near Richmond and was successful as a teacher. But she tired of the schoolroom and after a time Olive Jeanette Stigleman and Carl Wissler became one November 26, 1913. They live on a farm between Dublin and New Lisbon. I have never met Carl, but have heard that he was a hard worker, and a successful farmer and business man.

This couple have three children. Carolyn Alice was born February 20, 1915. She is very much like her mother, a good seamstress and it was very easy for her to adapt herself to almost anything necessary for the betterment of her home. I do not know where she met Raymond Kroger,

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the young man she married. He was in the Navy. They were married March 7, 1935. They live in Southern California. Raymond has made the U. S. Navy his life career. They have two children, Jeanette and Raymond, Jr. Mary Anne was born October 25, 1921. I do not know anything about Mary Anne. But so far as I know, she is still at home. The third and last child is a son, Jack Emmet, born August 30, 1934. He is a regular boy from what I hear and is up to all kinds of tricks which keeps the family guessing.

The fifth child of Sol and Harriett was a pretty brown-eyed daughter. They named her Hilda Zadelle, born December 13, 1893. She was a sweet-tempered child, also quite domestic, and very helpful in the home. After they moved to Richmond, she met the young man whom she later married. Frank Hodgin and Zadelle were made one November 30, 1912. Frank comes from a fine family and I think they have made an ideal happily married couple. They lived in Richmond for a time. Then they moved to their farm. Frank has been a successful farmer and business man. They are the parents of three children: Robert William — born March 8, 1914; Ruth Elizabeth — born June 15, 1917; Frank Stigleman — born April 22, 1921. Robert and Violet Jane Ravencroft were married August 29, 1934. They have 4 children, including one set of twins: James Robert — born June 19, 1935; Elizabeth Jean — born October 1, 1937; John Stanley and Jo-Ann — born March 9, 1940. Ruth Elizabeth and John D. Hartley were married September 4, 1938. They have one son, John Frank, born March 9, 1941. Frank Stigleman Hodgin passed away November 15, 1936, aged 15 years. I do not know much about this younger generation. But I would expect to find well-mannered obedient children.

I suppose I am the next one on the family record. I first saw the light of day on Thursday morning at 2 A.M. February 27, 1860. I guess I could be good but I was naughty too at times. I was quite domestic and liked house work. As I grew up I did much of it. I had the privileges of good schooling and a happy home life. After attending the home school I attended Spiceland Academy one year. After the death of our dear mother, I stayed home

most of the time, as much of the responsibility of the home rested on me, when the work was especially heavy. But all things end, and so my home life in old Richsquare ended.

On April 5, 1883 Wilson H. Cox and myself were united in marriage. This proved to be a long happy married life. We lived on a farm for a short time. Then we left that and went into school work, which we followed for 15 years. Then we went to Long Beach where for some years we lived and had many friends, and we worked in the church. The climate there was too cool for Wilson Cox and in the Spring of 1916, we came to Strathmore, Tulare County, California. Here we built our home and entered into the interest of the community.

We celebrated our golden wedding in 1933. Wilson was not very strong at this time, heart trouble, so it was a quiet affair. But five years later we did keep open house, and many called. Wilson was very much interested to have this. He gradually grew worse and July 19, 1939 he went to his coronation. It has been hard to bear, so I try to be brave. I have many good friends who are very kind to me. We have no family, and as I am writing this I am alone but am happy.

The next child to come into the home was a blue-eyed baby girl. They named her Anna Laura, who was born April 30, 1862. She was an independent youngster, and grew to be that kind of a woman. But she was a lovable person, and had many good characteristics. She was a good seamstress, and as a girl she studied with a dressmaker to learn how to cut and fit by measurement. And she was very good at it. She fell in love with a young Scotchman and although Father was not pleased with the match, they were wedded at home as all of us girls were. Anna Laura and Robert Smith were married August 8, 1884. I think they began housekeeping in Lewisville, where Robert ran a blacksmith shop. He was an exceptionally good workman. I don't know whether he grew tired of the shop or not, but they bought a farm and moved onto that. After a time they moved to New Castle, and Robert opened up a shop there and did a good business. They had a large beautiful home, and Laura was a fine cook, and strange to

say when Father and Mother left the farm, Father chose to go there to live.

They had a family of four children. Hazel, the oldest, was born on June 28, 1886. She was a very pretty child and was musically inclined. She had the advantage of good schools and grew to womanhood in New Castle. On December 29, 1916 she and George H. Clancy were married. He was a mechanic and has worked in different places, where his gift as a fine machinist has made way for him. They are the parents of two children, George Robert Clancy born May 5, 1919 is the oldest. He is now in the service, in infantry division. The last I knew he was in Camp Selby in Mississippi. He has a splendid reputation as being a clean young man. The next child was a daughter, born in March 1922. At the present time this daughter, whose name is Jane, has just been promoted from head bookkeeper to first teller in the Cleveland Trust Bank at Shaker Square, a Cleveland suburb. She is also engaged, but her fiance is in the Coast Guard service.

The next child was a boy, born June 9, 1886. He was named Herbert. He grew to manhood in New Castle. He was mechanically turned and worked in automobile factories, and finally went to Detroit and has had steady work ever since. Herbert and Alma Irene DeChane were married August 1, 1918. They now have a home in Mt. Clemens. They have no family.

The next child of Robert and Laura was also a girl. She was named Hildreth, and was born December 25, 1893, a Christmas gift. She was a handsome child, and grew into a charming young woman. For many years she was employed in the office of the Hoosier Manufacturing Company. She was private secretary to Mr. E. G. McQuinn, the President and General Manager. At the present time Hildreth is in Indianapolis and married to Harry Carpenter.

The last child was another daughter, born September 26, 1897. She was named Harriet Audra. She had the advantages of the New Castle schools and graduated from the high school. But as a young girl she met the man of her choice and was married September 27, 1916, to Garland Bryan Lyman. Garland is a precision inspector

for Curtiss Wright here in the propeller division. They have three children. Tyrrell B., the eldest, was born September 3, 1917. He and Mary Louise Pottinger were married November 11, 1936. They have one son, Alan Bruce, born August 26, 1937. Tyrrell is assistant chief inspector of the propeller division of the Aero Products Company in Vandalia, Ohio. Robert Jerry Lyman was born January 25, 1920. He had his training as an air pilot and has his wings. He is a dive-bomber pilot. It takes courage to be that. So it seems they are all in the Air Corps division. Jean Jo Lyman, the only girl in the family, was born September 15, 1924. She finished her schooling and entered war work.

Sister Laura lived to see her children all married, and settled in their homes. After a long and painful illness, she passed away April 30, 1931 to be with her Lord. Robert has also now departed this life.

The next member of the family to enter the circle was a brown-eyed auburn-haired girl. She was chistened Mary Ellen, born February 12, 1864. She was a beautiful little child and grew up to be a charming woman. She attended the home school, and then went to the Spiceland Academy. She liked music and could sing very well. She had many admirers, but she met a young lawyer, who captivated her. And on April 16, 1885, she and Frank E. Beach were united. Frank was a promising young lawyer of New Castle, so that was where the young couple began their home-making. Mary was a delightful housekeeper and a real help-meet to her husband.

They were the parents of two children, both boys: Russel E., who passed away August 15, 1892, and Richard W., born June 11, 1896. He was a hustler as a young boy to get out and do things to make money. He graduated from New Castle High School, and then attended the University of Wisconsin. While there, his mother passed away January 22, 1917. This was a shock to all and a great grief to the family.

In 1917, Richard joined the Army and at the end of World War I he was a First Lieutenant in the Field Artillery. He was united in marriage to Mildred Louise Willitts April 23, 1937. To this union were born three children:

Dorothy Ellen, May 18, 1938, Richard White Beach II, February 19, 1940, and John White Beach, April 9, 1947. Richard (Dick as he is familiarly called) is President of Beach Products, Inc,, and his factory is in Kalamazoo, Michigan. He makes Handi-Set Paper Table Service items. I often see them in stores here in California.

Frank Beach passed away May 4, 1925, after a full life spent in helping others.

Much more could easily be written, but I do not want to make this article too long.

The next in line was a brown-eyed girl, born May 17, 1868. She was an unusually attractive child — those large hazel eyes fairly danced with joy. She was a good student and after attending the local schools, she went to Raisin Valley Seminary in Michigan. There she met the darling young man who later became her husband. Almost on the eve of her graduation she was called home to care for our grandmother who had fallen in the house and broken her thigh. She took up this task and faithfully cared for Grandmother, and also did housework.

Father had bought a piano, much against the will of Grandmother. Sibyl said she never went in to play but what Grandmother would come and give her some work to do. Sisters, Laura, Mary and Sibyl used to team together for good times. And I think they surely did have what they went after. Sibyl was quite full of fun, and I think thoroughly enjoyed life. But perhaps absence only made the love deepen between these two young people who met in Michigan. At any rate, many letters passed and then trips were made from Elkhart to New Castle, until finally an announcement was made of a betrothal. So on September 15, 1887 Hugh G. Maxon of Elkhart and M. Sybil White were united in marriage in the home of Father. They went to Elkhart where they lived for several years.

To this union were born three sons. The record says Donald Charles was born Monday night, August 28, 1888, 5 minutes past 12 o'clock. Donald is now in New Orleans in business. He is married but I do not know her name. She is a trained nurse.

Howard White Maxon was born Saturday evening, October 4, 1890, at nine o'clock. Howard was a handsome

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child and a good student. But also full of mischief. He has grown into a fine business man. He was married August 5, 1916 to a young woman named Irene Sindl from Des Moines, Iowa, who is proving a faithful wife. They have two children, Marilyn Sybil and Howard Royden (whom they call Dukie). I do not have the date of Howard's marriage. Marilyn Sybil was married in May, 1940, to Merritt Lovett. They have one child, a daughter Linda. They live in Oak Park, Ill. Howard is engaged in defense work just now, but is associated with the International Harvester Company of Chicago. He is very busy and is on the road traveling most of the time. He is a trusted employee as well as an employer.

The third child was a blue-eyed boy named Royden Hugh Maxon, born Tuesday afternoon, August 13, 1895, at 5 o'clock. As a small child he was shy. But he grew up into a fine young man, clean cut and good looking. Royden graduated from the high school at Elkhart and is now in the lumber business. He lives in Elkhart. On June 14, 1924 he and Marian Louise Hughes were united in marriage. Their home is in Elkhart. Marian is a kindergarten teacher, but also a very fine housekeeper, and an excellent cook. They have one daughter, Margaret, who is a good student, also quite musical. She is married. I think it must be a very happy home.

About the year 1899 Hugh, Sibyl, and the boys moved to Salem, Oregon, where Hugh was to establish a box factory. He toiled so long and hard and must have grown weary many times before the task was completed. Then Hugh was taken ill, which culminated in his death, which occurred Monday morning, five o'clock, March 19, 1900, at Salem, Oregon. This was a great blow to the family, and caused deep grief. The body was taken back to Elkhart for interment. After a short time, Mr. Maxon, the father of Hugh, helped Sibyl to find a house she could purchase and there Sibyl with her three sons began a new life.

She had already taken some lessons in China painting. She took more, and opened a studio to teach and to take orders. She was very successful in her efforts, and was known as a successful business woman. Her contact with all kinds of people developed a strong independent nature.

And she could hold her own with any of them. As she grew older, she proudly refused to live with any of her children despite their pleading. Alas, as her strength failed her, she suffered fatal burns while building a fire, and departed this life.

The next advent into the family was a brown-eyed boy. They called him Albert Oscar. He entered this life February 16, 1866. He attended the home schools and also attended Raisin Valley Seminary. While there he went to Ann Arbor and had his eyes straightened. He worked on the old home farm, and it has been said he could make the straightest corn row of any of the other boys. He spent one year in Northeastern Kansas, where he worked on farms. He was always a good worker. But like most young men he fell in love with a fine young woman. And September 1, 1889 he and Ida Pearl Stafford were united in wedlock. They lived for a time in Henry County, where their first child was born March 15, 1893, a blue-eyed daughter, named V. Hallene White.

She had good school advantages, and also was a good musician. She developed into a capable young woman in many ways. She took and ably filled her place in the Friends' Church in Indianapolis, where they now live. There she met the young man who was destined to be her husband. Carl R. Reynolds was born March 12, 1893 in Indianapolis. So you see there is just three days' difference in their ages.

On October 20, 1917 in the Friends' Church in Indianapolis, Carl R. Reynolds and V. Hallene White were married by Rev. Trueblood, minister. They began housekeeping in Indianapolis, where Carl is in business. He makes many trips to New York for the company. Hallene is busy with club work and also did canteen work for soldiers. I think she is working too hard. They have one child, a son, Carl Rex, born May 22, 1929. He is in college now and is quite a Nimrod and a good marksman.

Albert and Ida also had a son who was born February 25, 1891 and named Homer Hastings. As a boy he grew up in Indianapolis. He worked at various things as he grew into manhood. March 1, 1917 he and Anna D. Stevenson were married. They now live in Plymouth, Indiana.

I do not know what he does but he travels for some company. Anna writes a very good letter (for we have never met), so I don't know anything else about either. But I wish them a happy life with many blessings.

A great sorrow came to the home February 12, 1924. Ida Pearl Stafford passed to her reward. She was a loyal wife, a loving mother, and a wonderful friend. Albert lived on after his wife's death until 1946, when he passed on.

The next in line in the family was another brown-eyed boy — Timothy J. by name, born December 9, 1870. If any of us ever had broken bones on any accident, he was always the unlucky one. He had had the advantages of the same schooling we all had. I believe he went to an agricultural school, as farming was his choice for a livelihood. He has farmed many different farms. He is now living in Dublin. Timothy and Grace McLean were married in New Castle at the parsonage of the Christian Church. Grace was a good cook, and a good housekeeper, but in later years she almost lost her eyesight. So naturally Timothy has had to do much of the housework.

They had one son Paul, who is a farmer. Paul was born Sunday night January 1, 1905. He is a big man physically. I trust he is in every way. He is a good worker. On Thanksgiving Day 1924 in the Methodist Parsonage Paul White and Louella Gawker were united in marriage. They live on a farm and have four children. Darrell Dillman, born May 18, 1925, is 6 feet tall, weight 203 lbs. — is a great tease. Danzel Durlyn, born June 9, 1929, is just beginning to grow so maybe he will catch up with Darrell. Then a daughter Myra Lou was born June 29, 1935, and another daughter, Clara Sue, born July 3, 1937, almost a patriotic child. A son, Larry Rex, was born December 14, 1938. Of these children, their capabilities, likes, and dislikes, I know absolutely nothing. I only wish and hope they may grow up to be dependable men and women, and be a blessing to many. Tim's death occurred in 1949, I think.

The last of the White family to be recognized in this history was born January 18, 1873. He was a dark-eyed chubby child. He was so young when Mother passed away

he does not even remember her. He was a pretty, cute little fellow, and I would do anything possible to please him. He went to school here and then went to a business school. As a boy he worked on the home farm, but I think he did not ever like farming. He was in the express business at one time. Then he got the position as bookkeeper and secretary in the Epilectic Village near New Castle. This he held for over 20 years.

June 22, 1904, Aaron T. White and Grace Saint were united in marriage in the Friends' Church in New Castle. They lived most of their lives in New Castle where they were identified with many civic and religious interests. Their son, Albert S. White, was born June 17, 1905. On May 9, 1936 Albert S. White and Mary Blanche Waddell were married in Chicago by a Catholic Father. October 16, 1940 Jeffrey, their son, was born in Chicago. Of course, his grandparents were very proud of him. His picture shows him as a very good-looking child. And I wish he may measure up to his looks and prove to be an ideal man. On March 4, 1944, a pretty litle dark-eyed girl was born in Evanston, Illinois. Shortly thereafter, Albert, who was in the advertising business, moved his family to California. Today, Albert is a partner in a successful advertising agency in Los Angeles. In 1946 Aaron and Grace moved to California because of Aaron's health, and to be near their son and his family. They purchased a home in Alhambra. After only a few years there, however, Aaron died on January 15, 1949 at the age of 75.

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The WHITE FAMILY HISTORY ADDENDA

I think it might be of interest to our grandchildren and great grandchildren to know something about the old Friends' Church at Richsquare, Indiana, that we all attended when we were children. It was built in 1851 on two acres of ground donated by our father from his farm — the southeast corner. There were many trees on the plat so it made a very nice spot for a church, and many church picnics were held there. The church faced the East and was divided in the center by a partition with wooden shut-

ters that could be closed and doors connecting. The women sat on the south side and the men on the north. The main floor of the church had several rows of wooden benches facing West. At the west side there were three rows facing East — the lower one on a level with the main floor, and the other two elevated.

The oldest members sat on the highest elevation and the middle aged on the center section. I remember my father and mother sat on the lowest section, on their respective sides, of course. I suppose this arrangement was so the older ones could watch over the congregation. We had no minister but if the spirit moved, anyone could speak, pray, or sing. I have been to church many times when not a word has been spoken, and after an hour's silence Uncle Thomas N. White and Uncle John Macy who sat head of the meeting, would reach over and shake hands and that closed services.

Sunday School was before church services and we were always scrubbed and cleaned up and went to Sunday School and then stayed for church. Sometimes we had a visiting preacher and often strangers came to services, but no matter who, Father always invited them home for dinner, so very often we had to hurry home and fix extra food. Father was a good provider and we could always have plenty. Usually on Saturday we would bake 10 or 12 pies and two cakes so we were always prepared for guests. We usually had chicken in some form for Sunday, but there was always ham or some other meat we would have, so it never bothered us to serve a good meal.

Sometimes when Grandmother thought we were planning too much she would say — "Dip and deal, dip and deal, and have a little every meal." She was a grand character and we all loved her very much. She always wore her white cap and a white kind of shawl about her shoulders. She knit all our stockings when we were children. She was always busy doing something and she wanted us girls to never sit and fold our hands, but have something to work on if we had a few free moments. To her it looked lazy to see idle hands.

Grandfather and Grandmother White came through from West Virginia in a covered wagon, when Father was

two years old. I have one of the chairs they brought with them. Father had two sisters, Aunt Susan and Aunt Lizzie, and I have always been told they led the fashion in dress in their communities. I do not remember either of them. Our father never allowed us to have any frills but he wanted good material for us when we were children. I well remember when I was 10 or 12 my older sisters made me a new wool dress, and they caught up the overskirt with a couple of little pleats and a ribbon bow, but it all had to come out and be perfectly plain — I suppose I shed tears but do not remember about that.

Father had a three-seated spring-wagon and he would load us all in this and take us to New Castle to have us all fitted out with shoes and clothing. We always had Sunday shoes and everyday ones. We were always expected to be quiet on Sunday, but other days we could romp and play to our hearts' content. We were not allowed to play cards, but most games were okay. Father liked to play checkers and was very good too.

It was always a gala day when we could go over to Grandfather Cosand's. They lived on the New Castle and Lewisville pike and we had to ford Flat Rock creek. Sometimes it was very high and we would have to lift our feet — sometimes we would walk and there was a hewed log we could walk across on. Grandfather was a short man with very white hair — looked like silk, and Grandmother had sandy hair and she was tall and slight. Uncle John —a bachelor brother of Grandfather — lived with them. He had a room upstairs and we would try to sneak up as he always had candy and would give us a piece. There were several uncles and aunts but the ones I remember best were Uncle Aaron and Aunt Eunice and Uncle Cornelius and Aunt Jemima, his wife. She was a marvelous cook. They have all passed on now, but I still remember the good times we had there.

Father loved to sing and I think all the children were allowed to join singing classes. His and Mother's favorite song was "Silver Threads Among the Gold." He bought us a piano for the home, but was very much opposed to a musical instrument for the church, but after they built the new one the younger members did buy an organ.

I am sorry we have no pictures of the old log house we were born in. There was a beautiful yard with maple and beech trees and Mother always had flowers and shrubs everywhere. After the family increased, they added a frame part at the southeast corner. This was Father's and Mother's bedroom. In the log part, there was a large living room with an immense fireplace on the south side. This was our only means of heating this room. In Father's and Mother's room, there was a stove for wood. North of the living room was a bedroom we called Grandmother's. This had two beds in it and a trundle bed under Grandmother's bed. Then there was an upstairs with two bedrooms and two beds in each room. The girls Hattie and Lucy and Lol and Met had the south room and the boys the north room. Sibyl always stayed downstairs with Grandmother.

We had a large kitchen. There was a long dining table that would seat twelve and wooden chairs, a good stove, and a sink (we called it) for our pots and pans and a water bucket, and a cupboard, etc. Out north of the house was our well — an apple-house, smoke house, and wood house. We had a great deal of company, and grand times. We had nine beds and often they were all in use over the week-ends. I don't believe we ever had as good times after Father built the new home as we did in the old log house.

There was a crane in the fireplace in the old log house and we used to cook many things, and we baked potatoes in the hot ashes. We thought they were extra good and I can remember Grandmother baking pans of biscuit in front of the fire. Grandmother always made all our candles as we were not allowed to carry a lamp because it was too dangerous, but must always get a candle, and matches were quite expensive, so we made paper lighters by the dozen, to save matches.

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